624 would pay them a small retaining fee if they would take it in
124 turns to be "on duty" with him in their spare time. They would obviously be useful informants.

487 We had to walk along in single file. There is no "road" in
312 Hunza where two people can walk abreast, or along which you can ride, except the "Great North Road" running through from Kashmir to Kashgar, and even it is never more than 4 to 6 feet wide. The other tracks run mostly beside small water-channels to enable people to get from one sluice to another to juggle the water now off, now on. Even when you have a neat little track fairly horizontal (there are only three of these possible for ordinary walking) it is broken every few yards by a sluice which you must jump or step over carefully so as not to interfere with the water arrangements or, alternatively, break your leg. The sluices are the simplest things imaginable—just a gap in the side wall of the channel which can be closed with a couple of convenient, slab-like stones and plastered up with mud from the watercourse. Occasionally there is a little wooden shutter which can be raised or lowered in wooden slots at the side.

As we went along David asked the names of the various kinds of water-channels, fields, etc., that we saw (the *names* he already knew, but not at first hand which kind was which), and presently we had a train of bright-eyed boys in the fields on each side, full of amusement at this new game. One would cry: "This stone is a flint; this is a stink-stone," whereupon he would crack it and give it to us to notice the faint smell of sulphur it gave out. Another would run up: "Here's a poppy and a poppy-head"—so we were not going to lack for willing teachers.

After a little we turned down a narrow "lane," less like an English lane than anything else on earth. It plunged downhill pretty steeply, sometimes just a rocky slope, sometimes just one boulder below another making a very crude flight of steps varying from 18 inches to 3 feet or so. Beside the "path" ran the inevitable water-gutter in which you could walk, as it happened at the moment to be dry.

417 On each side, a bare 3 feet apart, were the usual walls of
333

loose stone. It is amazing how they get these walls to stand up, 6, 7, 10 feet high, without an ounce of mortar or mud. At the bottom they put huge stones like portmanteaux, then smaller ones like bandboxes, then others the size of quartern loaves, till as you get towards the top they have come down to the size of penny buns. Each is carefully chosen to fit as neatly as possible into the space left by the last, and wherever there is a gap left they choose a small stone that will just fit and wedge it in tight. The walls are really a beautiful sight. These side ones they build partly because they want a boundary to their field, but much more, I think, because if you didn't pile the stones somewhere there would be no field at all. There are no gates. Wood is scarce and very precious and, besides, at different seasons and for different purposes you might want the gate now in one place, now in another. So when you want to get in, you just pull down as much of the wall as necessary and build it up again when your work is done.

Presently we came to a large garden with handsome walnut trees, its long wall broken by a wooden door now open. Hurmat told us that this was the semi-royal domain, where the Mir's first wife and what the German royalties would call his morganatic family were settled. Festivities were going on inside, and we were assured that anyone might enter. Fortified by this we went in and were made welcome by two semi-royal grandsons, one a lad of seventeen or eighteen and one a jolly little boy of perhaps ten, who were sitting on a carpet spread on a raised piece of ground below some trees. Our hosts made us immediately at home, and a chair was fetched for me.

There was a little grass under the trees, and just inside the wall an open earthen space like a bit of a school playground. The band was sitting against the wall, while men and boys were dancing and a largish audience was clapping and hurrahing at intervals. Baskets and dishes of ripe apricots were lying about everywhere, and everyone helped himself as inclined. Fruit was brought for us and the merry-making went on as before. It was delightfully gay and informal and our young hosts did not allow us to feel out of things. We took care not to stay too

526 what dangerous game. But if you saw the selfsame
177 sport played without an umpire, and only a score keeper, in Hunza, you'd probably think it the most bloodthirsty game in creation. And who am I to say it is or isn't!

Of course, the British changed the rules and regulations somewhat along the line of the Marquis of Queensbury, and a good thing, too, for our men aren't quite as tough as the Hunzans.

526 Practically every village in Hunza has a polo team
628 and matches are being arranged continually . . . and the day of a match is really a red letter day for that village. The villagers may not have too much room for orchards and other farming, but they do have polo
[311] fields. Invariably the best and flattest piece of land in
[367] the area is used as a polo field. So you see, sport, for sport's sake, ranks high among the Hunzans and the Nagirwals as well.

526 The polo field at Baltit sits just below the old castle
367 on the precipice and rather close to the school and the mosque . . . a sort of towering civic square, if it might be called that. A well-maintained low stone wall sur-
[417] rounds the polo field.

While putting in my attendance at the polo field this day, I recalled that a few days previous I had followed a trail that led down from a cleft in this polo field to visit some of the Hunzan farms.

Above the raised wall, in places, are chairs and seating spaces for the spectators.

526 Everybody goes to the polo matches. And why not?
[562] To these affairs even the women go. And even though
[291] their clothes be drab their red, skillfully embroidered Hunzan hats make the spectacle glow with splendor and color.

[533] The Hunzan band is there to do the honors and